

Mrs. Ennett Writes of What She Saw in Naples and Venice.

Hotel Savoia & Jolanda,
Venice, Italy,
Feb. 16, 1921.

My Dearest Mother:

When it comes to cities Italy can rival Mr. Heintz with his 57 varieties. Each seems absolutely unique, and the only thing of its kind on the globe. Yet with all past experience, Venice was such a surprise that it fairly took my breath, I had read about it, had heard about it and seen pictures of it, but the real facts had not touched my brain cell of comprehension. Just imagine a city of nearly two hundred thousand people, and not a horse, a carriage, an automobile nor a street car, and no dust. The silence is broken only by the sound of human voices and the plash of the oars on the water, for all the traffic is either on foot or by boat.

Yesterday when we got off the train it was the most disconcerting situation possible. We set out as usual to find a hotel, which heretofore had been easy enough with your feet on "terra firma," but when it comes to water, as the old woman said, "where are you?" Neither knew any Italian, so I pressed my poor French into service and asked several by-standers if it were possible to reach a hotel by walking. The answer was, "It will be difficult," and difficult it was I can assure you, as we rowed in and out of little alley ways, trying to find a place to rest our weary bodies. Both of us were thoroughly disgusted and had visions of catching the first train out, leaving behind any such "fool town" with water ways for streets and boats for street cars.

Finally we gave up the struggle, and surrendered ourselves to the tender mercies of a wicked looking boatman to be robbed or fleeced, so long as he got us to a hotel, but as a matter of fact he steered us around in a few minutes to the most beautiful scene that eyes can picture. There was the grand canal with marble palaces fronting on its waters, and at St. Mark's Square (which is the center of interest in the life of Venice) we were put off, thoroughly enchanted with our surroundings. We lost no time getting located at one of the hotels, and now feel like we never wanted to leave it again.

As it is easy to understand now why Venice is called the "Queen of the Adriatic." This is a broad, beautiful square, with plenty of room for walking and fine buildings on every side, while hundreds of pigeons circling around and overhead, gives a picturesque old-world touch to the scene, which is unique. To the front we have a wonderful view of blue waters covered with ships, from small sailing craft to battle ships of the nations. Best of all are two American battle ships filled with our own boys, many of whom are from North and South Carolina, and as we had an opportunity for talking to some of them, we found them nice, fine fellows.

The Olympia, the flag ship of the fleet was here until to-day, and it made me quite home sick to sit on the quay and watch her steaming out of the harbor bound for Trieste. I hear things are looking rather war-like around that city, so the little Olympic must show herself "on the job."

After getting settled and ready for sight seeing, we started with St. Mark's Cathedral—of course. I thought I had already seen all the best in the world, but according to local authorities, I have seen none worth the name till I saw this one. When it comes to mosaics, I am not sure they are not right. It is very gaudy inside, and looks quite oriental—in fact I think much of the work was done by artisans brought from Constantinople, and many of its treasures were captured from that city. St. Mark himself is buried here, and is the patron saint of the city.

After that we fell into the hands of a member of the Salvati firm, who make mosaics and all sorts of beautiful works of art for sale. This poor deluded gentleman saw we were Americans, and as all Americans everywhere are supposed to be lined with gold, he gave us the whole afternoon, thinking us good prospective buyers. We had no desire to deceive him and told him we were tourists, not buyers, but any way he showed us a most beautiful array of works of art for sale, while we watched the artist at his work.

With all these works of art around us, nothing interests me so much as the people themselves. They have wonderful manners and are so kindly and gallant that I am at a loss to know how to respond, and whether they will expect me to stand or get to my knees. They can do things which in America would put them in the lunatic asylum, but here seem quite "comme il faut." For instance, last night I was awakened by a man singing out in the street. He had a good voice, but it was at an hour when Caruso himself would not have been welcomed, so Mr. Ennett yelled to him to "shut up." I tipped to the window and could see him with one hand on his heart and the other pointing to the window of his lady-love, no doubt. Now the idea of any man in this twentieth century having nothing better to do.

I find that the most American-American I have met, is the Italian who has

been to the States a few years and considers himself one of us. We meet them over here every once and a while, and they always come up in a confidential way and assume we are all fellow-countrymen over here in a foreign land. It would make you laugh to hear them abuse Italy, and say how much better "we Americans" do things. Sometimes I say, "But aren't you an Italian yourself?" and they will indignantly inform you they are Americans, while their English is so broken it is difficult to understand what they are saying.

Still no letters from home, but I hope you are all well.

With all my love.

GRACE.

Hotel Savoia & Jolanda,
Naples, Italy,
Feb. 17, 1921.

My dearest Mother:

The whole of Italy is one big Art Gallery, and more can be learned here in a day than from years of study at home, but when all is said, the most attractive feature of our life over here, is the habits and everyday life of the people. It is certainly the land of Ulysses' "Lotus Eaters", and the many Americans I meet here, are of the same opinion.

Let me tell you about St. Mark's Square, and its many surrounding beauties. Napoleon called this square "the most sumptuous reception hall known", and around it are built the most handsome palaces in the city. All the ground floors are filled with cafes and fine shops, but the coffee and tea shops are the places which draw the crowds. They are built on most artistic plains and very elegant inside, while all around on the street outside are placed tables and seats where those who prefer can have their tea served in the open air. The coffee is very strong and always served with about three fourths boiled milk to dilute, while pastries are passed around on large trays. An orchestra plays to the well dressed crowds, who throng there to drink tea and chat, as though there was not another thing in life half as important. Dark-haired, dusky looking women pass in and out among the tables with huge baskets of flowers for sale, and, it must be confessed, nothing could be pleasanter.

We spent the morning going over the Doge's palace. While it was most interesting it was hard for an American of the twentieth century to take in these glimpses of life of the middle ages. Side by side with their capacity for creating beauty, were examples of cruelty too horrible to describe. We saw banquet halls, senate chambers and throne rooms that simply would have to be seen to believe that such magnificence was ever put to use; yet joined to that same palace is a prison so horrible that you cannot realize it also was put to use. As we crossed the "Bridge of Sighs" which connects the Doge's Palace with the prison, I tried to forget the torture chambers of the past, for the sunshine of the present.

Later we went through the Arsenal of Venice where we met two delightful Americans. One was an officer from our battleship "Brooks" stationed here, while the other has charge of the sailor's order of "The Knights of Columbus" in Venice. Both spoke good Italian and interpreted much of the life around here for us, which heretofore was a sealed book. They say there are three reasons why Italy does not love America: first, President Wilson thwarted their ambition in regard Fiume; second, the depreciation of the value of lire is laid to our door, and; third, Prohibition in America has killed their export trade in wines and the poor devils have little else to export. Italy has no wheat nor coal and the government is buying them at an enormous cost. In fact these being absolutely essential to human life, the government buys both and sells them to the people far below cost, thereby losing billions of lire to preserve human life. It looks like these nations have a hard road to travel as long as the rate of exchange remains so low, and it is going to upset the world if things don't improve.

Our sailors over here draw their pay, which when changed to lire, amounts to a sum as large as the salary of an Italian bank president. On the other hand the Italian sailor draws the equivalent of about a quarter of a cent a day. It looks hard, doesn't it?

There is one thing you will understand after a trip to Europe as never before, and that is what a powerful institution, in one period of the world's history, the Catholic church has been. Such wealth and grandeur as exist in their churches even today is hard to grasp. Some of them are regular Art Galleries and treasure rooms combined and carefully guarded from the crowds.

Italy's public gardens, with their long flat pergolas covered with grape vines, their tropical plants, and queer

looking shrubbery, are always objects of interests to foreigners. Here many children are found playing in the garden, and priests or monks of different orders many of them with bare feet slipped in sandals and wearing dark red robes, congregate.

The emblem of Venice is a winged lion and everywhere you go, you will find it stuck up somewhere. As St. Mark is the patron saint, this lion is connected in some way with his story, though here my Bible memories are a little vague. His remains are buried here in this Cathedral.

Still another day and no letter from home. If I could only hear from you I would be satisfied. With lots of love to you most of all,

GRACE.

Hotel Savoia & Jolanda,
Venice, Italy,
Feb. 20, 1921.

My dearest Mother:

There is no danger of ever getting bored in this land of sunshine and flowers. One thing is not finished before another is ready to be staged, and if any particularly "big stunt" is to be "pulled off" it is always "pulled" on Sunday.

This morning we waked up with every intention of going to the Cathedral for services, but when we got to St. Mark's Square it was alive with soldiers everywhere. Two bands of music were playing and from every building floated Italy's beautiful flag of red, white, and green, with a cross in the center.

It seemed that today the soldiers were scheduled to take their oaths of allegiance to king and country, and every division of the army was represented.

First came the infantry, next the artillery and last the navy. The officers were conspicuous, with their gay uniforms much decorated with red, long graceful capes over their shoulders, and a hat set off with large red plume. The band played and the troops marched in review. Next the general in command (I took him to be) made a speech of which I did not understand a word, and then followed the oath of allegiance. It was all so martial, and of course attractive, but the pity of it is, that the grim side of war has to exist. We watched it all until the last soldier had marched away, and then went to St. Mark with the other spectators.

As usual it had no seats but was thronged with worshippers, most of whom were on their knees before some shrine or altar. We stood with the crowd listening to a sermon delivered in Italian and, though I could not understand its meaning, I felt awed and silenced by the beauty of the scene and the spirit of the devotions.

You might infer from the military spectacle on the streets during the morning hours, that these people had but a limited religious sense, but a visit to the churches would change that idea, for if anything there is too much rather than not enough. The Latin mind works differently from the Anglo-Saxon and we simply do not look at life from the same angle. Their churches are open all day long every day in the week, so you can attend a service any hour of the day, just so you attend. Besides they are given a good deal of latitude in the idea that "the Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath", and proceed to live accordingly.

After lunch we took a long walk and saw some of the ugly sides of Venice, for believe me it has its ugly sides even if in other respects it is the loveliest city of Europe. We strolled down narrow little allies (I suppose you would call them that) where the sunshine rarely penetrates far and the sight and smells left by the receding tide, would give you nightmare in the broad daylight. You could see the bottoms of all the canals which was simply covered with filth of every description and rats too big to look real, were crawling along the walls. It seemed a pity to waste so fine a day on such sights, so we went back and spent the afternoon on St. Mark's Square.

There was a temporary band stand put up for the day, so we had a concert all the afternoon given by a military band of seventy-five instruments. We got seats in front of one of the coffee shops and pastries and coffee served as an excuse for using them until the concert ended. Crowds of people of every nationality and all dressed for the occasion, were promading back and forth. There are always plenty of soldiers and priests. Another conspicuous feature of the landscape are the nurses of wealthy families dressed in picturesque costumes, and carrying precious looking babies on snow white pillows. You see there are no wheels of any kind allowed in Venice, hence no baby carriages are allowed.

When it began to grow cold and late, we came in to write letters, and met all the naval officers from the U. S. battle ship "Gilmer". They were

playing pool and getting drinks, and when we came in, they proposed a toast to "Joseph Daniels of N. C." This was done to please us, for we made no effort to conceal the fact that we both admire and approve of our secretary of the Navy, but we all know that his attitude toward whiskey, has killed him with the boys over here.

I did not tell you how much we enjoyed the opera at "La Fenice". It was just comic opera and a very light one at that (The Giesha) but the theater was perfectly splendid. It has about a hundred and fifty boxes, all decorated in good taste, and a large fine orchestra. The voices were everything one could desire, but the costumes were not so good as New York theaters provide—but just think of going foreign cents apiece. "Aida" was given last night and it was possible to get to see this for two cents, but the best seats range as high as forty cents, though that is the limit. You would think from this that we would go every night, but you see it is too much on us physically. These plays are long drawn out affairs, with intermission between each act, during which refreshments are served, so it keeps you out until one o'clock. It is possible to keep going night and day, so we don't try it very often.

We leave tomorrow for Milan which will be our last Italian city, but the prospects after Venice are not very alluring. Here during all this past month, it has been so mild and pleasant that it is hard to believe it is still winter. Milan is right in the mountains so there can be no hopes of finding another Venetian climate.

Tell Wallace I have been to the "Rialto" often, and thought of our "Merchant of Venice" days, but the only really familiar picture are the "Shylocks, which like the poor we have with us always". We know they fleece us every day, but in sight of their poverty, you find much to excuse.

No bread, no fuel and in fact but little of anything except fruit and vegetables, and, while these items may be very good to fill in with, they are a mighty poor diet for a main dependence. These soldiers who were sworn to day will draw one cent a day as their pay, think of it, though the government does not give them their clothes and food: hence many prefer to be assured of that much, and stay on in the service.

I think the price of cotton and general depression has a far deeper cause than what President Harding might do about the Federal Reserve Bank. It is the rate of exchange, and until their money has a greater value in every land, they simply cannot buy our raw materials.

With much love,

GRACE.

Flat Rock News Items.

(Written for Last Week.)

We regret to report that Mr. Charlie Parkman is partly paralyzed, but the physician makes an encouraging report of his case. We hope he will soon be all right again.

Miss Mildred Bussey visited Miss Sadie Dow Sunday.

Mrs. J. P. Holland returned to Greenwood Friday, being accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Agner and Mr. Wiley Agner.

Mr. and Mrs. McKie Bailey have been visiting Mrs. Bailey's father, Mr. Elbert Dorn.

Mr. and Mrs. James Hamilton and little Ruth spent the week-end with Mr. J. E. Hamilton.

The children of the community enjoyed an Easter egg hunt at Flat Rock school.

Mr. Mat Doolittle was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Sam Agner Sunday.

Mr. Bob Agner of Augusta spent the week-end with his brother Mr. Sam Agner.

Mrs. Fannie Bell Coby and two children were guests of Mrs. Edie Agner Saturday.

Mrs. Carrie Doolittle visited Mrs. Eustice Thurmond Sunday.

Miss Mamie Bussey and Her little daughter visited Mr. and Mrs. John Griffis in the Cleora section.

Notice to Stockholders.

There will be a meeting of the stockholders of the Johnston Development Co., at the Bank of Western Carolina, Johnston, S. C., at Five o'clock p. m., April 21, 1921. The object of this meeting will be to petition the Secretary of State for a Dissolution of charter of the said corporation.

H. G. EIDSON,
President.
G. G. WATERS,
Secretary.

March 28, 1921.

FOR SALE: One hundred bushels long staple cotton seed for planting at 75 cents per bushel.

A. A. CHEATHAM.

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THREE PRESIDENTS ASK AID FOR CHINA

Harding, Wilson and Taft Appeal to Americans to Help Stricken Millions of Sister Republic.

The President and two ex-Presidents of the United States have joined, for the first time in the history of the country, in an appeal for a philanthropic enterprise. President Harding, ex-President Wilson and ex-President Taft are all in the forefront of the movement to send aid from America to the famine victims of China.

One of President Harding's first official acts after his inauguration, taken when he had been in the White House less than two weeks, was to renew the appeal made by his predecessor in behalf of America's sister republic in the East. President Harding said in part: "At this, the earliest practicable moment in my administration, I desire to add my own to the many appeals which have been issued heretofore in behalf of the starving people of a large section of China."

"The picture of China's distress is so tragic that I am moved, therefore, to renew the appeal heretofore made and to express the hope that the American people will continue to contribute to this humanitarian cause as generously as they possibly can."

In appointing the American committee for China Famine Fund, with his own immediate predecessor in the White House, ex-President Taft, as one of the members, and Thomas W. Lamont of New York, as chairman, President Wilson said in his proclamation:

"Not only in the name of humanity, but in that of the friendliness which we feel for a great people in distress, I venture to ask that our citizens shall, even though the task of giving is not today a light one, respond as they can to this distant but appealing cry for help."

LIFE SAVING STAMPS HELP FAMINE VICTIMS

Each "Mercy" Sticker Purchased for Three Cents Provides Food for One Day for a Chinese.

Sales of "Life Saving Stamps" by the American Committee for China Famine Fund for the benefit of China famine victims have reached a total of thousands of dollars at the end of the first month, and already the money is actually saving lives in China. Orders during the first month aggregated more than 10,000,000 stamps, which will mean—at the rate of 3 cents for each stamp—\$300,000 for the Chinese when the complete returns have been made. The stamps are intended to secure a multitude of small contributions from persons who will not have an opportunity to contribute in other ways. The campaign for China is the greatest single philanthropic effort now before the American people.

Every state in the Union is now co-operating in the life saving stamp sales, and special committees are at work in more than 2,000 cities throughout the country. The circulation of the stamps is being effected by sales organizations composed of officers of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Societies, assisted by commercial organizations, schools, churches, Boy and Girl Scout Camps, Y. M. and Y. W. Christian Associations, fraternal lodges, hotel associations, boards of education and other volunteers interested in the movement to extend a helping hand to a sister republic in distress.

House to house canvassing for the sale of the stamps—which are intended to be placed on the backs of letters and packages—has proved the most effective method in the smaller communities. In the big cities the stamps have been sold to business houses, which are using them on their outgoing mail and packages. A nominal quota of ten stamps for every adult has been set by the committee, but in many centers this already has been passed. If unable to obtain stamps through a local committee write China Famine Fund Committee, Bible House, New York.

BUY CHINA LIFE SAVING STAMPS

CHINA LIFE SAVING STAMP



3¢ SAVES A LIFE 3¢

If each person buys ten stamps at a cost of 30 cents, this community will go over its stamp quota.

Stamps can be secured from the local China Famine Fund Committee or directly from China Famine Fund, Bible House, New York City.

FAMINE FUND WORK AT HALF-WAY MARK

Thomas W. Lamont, Chairman, Tells of Relief Administered and Task to Be Completed.

The American Committee for China Famine Fund, according to a statement issued by Thomas W. Lamont, chairman, has reached the second stage of its mission of mercy of sending funds from America to feed the millions of starving famine victims in the far eastern republic. At the lowest estimate, the statement says, just as much more is needed to carry "the last 5,000,000" through to the June harvest as has already been sent.

Mr. Lamont points out that quick response by America to appeals made by President Harding and his predecessor, President Wilson, has resulted in such prompt distribution of relief that the threatened magnitude of the famine has been checked to a marked extent. A continuation of the efforts so far made, it is declared, will place the famine relief for China among America's most effective philanthropies.

The Waiting Millions

There remain, however, the statement shows, a "last 5,000,000" to be saved, and these people can be saved only by continuous and voluminous relief resulting from American subscriptions.

The statement, in part, follows: "Quick response to the appeal of the American Committee for China Famine Fund gives us at the half-way point in our work the cheering assurance that the subscriptions from generous America already have served a great humanitarian purpose, inasmuch as relief already administered has held the famine in bounds and made it possible for America to save a multitude of human beings."

"Whereas early estimates made it seem that millions must perish, we now are advised that instead of the 15,000,000 who, it was originally feared, were doomed to death from hunger, relief at present in sight from all sources, American, Chinese and foreign, is sufficient to provide scanty rations until the June harvest for all except 5,000,000 people. These 'last 5,000,000' are destitute, according to our latest reports from the American Advisory Committee in Peking and are dependent for existence upon new help coming from outside sources, and this means America."

From All the People

"It is the earnest hope of the Committee that the number of contributions made as well as the aggregate will be such as to make our humanitarian gift, in a real sense, a gift of the American people as a whole."

"One way to make individual effort and generosity contribute toward saving China's starving population is for every one responsive to China's need, in effect, to 'pick a pal in China for a day.' The thought behind this special appeal in connection with the latter part of our effort will be for American men, women and children to choose, figuratively, a Chinese famine victim as a friend for a day and to send what they spend one day on themselves or an American friend to the China Famine Fund either through local committees, banks or churches or direct to Vernon Munroe, treasurer, Bible House, New York City."

"No American is so poor that he cannot save a life at the lowest rate ever quoted, one dollar a month. Life's quotations fluctuate, sometimes in one nation, sometimes in another, but the lower the quotation the greater the opportunity of humanity to save human life. China is far away—6,000 miles—but hunger is hunger, whether around the corner or beyond the Pacific."

"We appeal to America to make effective the work already done, in checking the China famine disaster by saving until harvest those already saved from death."

"CHINA WEEK" IS SUPREME EFFORT OF FUND WORKERS

As a practical and popular demonstration of the sympathy of the nation for a sister republic, a "China Famine Week," to be observed throughout the United States, has been set for the eight days from Sunday, May 1, to Sunday, May 8, inclusive.

In this week it is hoped that the churches and civic, commercial and professional bodies will take an active part. The success of this week will determine largely the amount of relief which can be sent through personal sacrifice to 5,000,000 starving people still dependent on outside aid.

SEND What You SPEND ONE DAY To China

5,000,000 Chinese Famine Victims Still Need American Help Before June.

\$1 will save one life one month. PICK A PAL IN CHINA FOR A DAY

To hasten the work of relief, this newspaper will forward contributions to the local Treasurer, or to the National Treasurer, China Famine Fund, Bible House, New York City.